

## **Gomez**

### **"Mix"**

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blood shot eyes on factory floors  
filling up little bottles  
the great depressed, the o.k., the not sure,  
empty out little pockets  
if you stop believing let me know  
and we don't even show  
our feelings hide  
what keeps deceiving, let it go  
now we don't even know  
the biggest prize, I'm not so sure anymore

blood shot types wash up on the shore  
crawling out from the life boat  
creeping past all border control

filling up empty promises  
if you stop believing, let me know  
now we don't even show  
our feelings hide  
don't let yourself feel alive

you're the first this has happened to

we mix together  
we mix together  
we mix together

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